

# CHRISTIAN

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**CHRISTIAN REFLECTOR,**  
A Religious & Family Newspaper,  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY,  
IN BOSTON, MASS., AND NEW YORK CITY,  
By WILLIAM S. DAMRELL.  
OFFICE, No. 11 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

TERMS.

The Christian Reflector is published at Two Dollars a year, payable always in ADVANCE. Individuals or companies may subscribe for six copies in advance, by one hand, shall have a seventh gratis; or so paying for eleven copies, shall have a twelfth gratis; or so paying for fifteen copies, shall have a sixteenth gratis; or so paying for eighteen copies, shall have a nineteenth gratis; and so on, until they have a copy gratis, which will procure five subscribers, plus \$10, shall have a twenty-fifth gratis.

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Subscribers can communicate with any number.

Subscribers can discontinue, unless notice is given one month beforehand, and all arrears are paid, at the discretion of the proprietors.

For a discontinuance to be recorded, until an explicit order for a discontinuance is received; and whether taken by the subscriber or not from the place where they are deposited, shall be given immediate notice of it to the publisher, who is left, but to notify the publisher that he does not wish to continue, and pays up all that is due.

All communications, POSTAGE PAID, will be attended to.

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**REMITTANCES.**

Our friends are particularly requested to forward money current in Boston, if possible. When uncertain money is sent for subscription, pay by a solvent, chequered bank, in good credit, free of postage.

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"A Postmaster may enclose the money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and frank the letter, if written by himself; but it must be written by another person, the Postmaster cannot frank it."

**AGENTS FOR THE REFLECTOR.**

Dr. WILLIAM CHURCH, No. 228 Hudson St., for the City of New York.

CHARLES H. HILL, Worcester and County, and will supply post-rates.

EDWARD B. HOGGTON, Wrentham, Mass.

**TO OUR PATRONS.**

We have often wished the names of a number of persons to run their page in consideration of the great difficulty of their transmitting such funds as we can use. It will not do to continue this entry. At the close of the first quarter, we shall publish a list of names of distinguished ones, and shall refuse to renew their papers, unless the subscription is paid in advance.

**Poetry.**

**The Land of the Blessed.**

"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa. xxiii. 17.

There is a far-off land,

Where love, and joy, and beauty reign:

There is a chosen land,

Who call that Land their own domain,

And hold communion sweet and free,

While all unite, and all agree.

They have a glorious King,

Whose beauty, majesty and state,

Excel what poets sing;

Or angel tongues could o'er relate;

But they behold Him face of face,

And taste his love, and sing his praise:

No night, no storms, no foes,

Are in that happy country known;

All there is calm repose;

While, gushing from th' eternal throne,

Rivers of pleasure, fresh and sweet,

Meander through each heavenly street.

They never say they're sick,

Or feel diseases or decay;

No tears bedew the cheek,

For God has wiped them all away;

And all their wants are well supplied,

And every wish is satisfied.

They need no sun to cheer,

No moon, nor stars, to guide their way:

God's glory, bright and clear,

Alone makes their perpetual day.

They never sleep, but ceaseless sing

The triumphs of their Saviour King.

Who are the favored race,

That in that blessed country dwell?

Where was their native place?

Their birth, their state, their nature tell?

Oh! they were an accursed brood,

With sin estranged from God!

Black and impure they were,

Till washed in Jesus' precious blood:

Now, all bright and fair,

They shine, the sons and heirs of God;

In holiness and beauty shine,

All pure, all lovely, all divine.

When will the day arrive,

When my unfettered soul shall rise,

No more on earth to live,

'Mid sin, and pains, and tears, and sighs;

But clasp her wings, and soar above,

To that fair world of light and love?

For that far-distant land,

My spirit, dearest Lord, prepare:

Then send some angel-band,

Commissioned to escort me there,

On their kind wings I'll mount, and fly

To join the chorus of the sky.

## Selections.

### Is this Oxfordism?

I presume there are many Christians of different denominations among us, who have looked with much solicitude on the recent movements at Oxford, with the apprehension that their influence might

extend to a pernicious degree in this country. Many persons, I have no doubt,

there are, who have few opportunities to ascertain exactly how far the Romish views of those writers have carried them, and to what extent they are entertained in America. Having myself attended the lecture delivered by the Rev. Evan M. Johnson, on Sabbath evening last in our own church in Brooklyn, I shall give a short account of some things which I heard and saw, which may perhaps aid some in determining these questions.

I will premise that the lecture was the fifth of a course which has now been nearly completed, in which he has been assisted by Dr. Taylor, of Grace Church, New York; Dr. Seabury, of New York; Mr. Huntington, of St. Paul's College, Long Island; Professor Henry, of the New York University; Rev. Mr. Higbee, of New York; and Mr. Patterson, the associate of Mr. Johnson.

On entering the house, I was first struck with the sight of two large pictures representing the Descent from the Cross, and the Ascension of the Saviour, one on each side of the chancel; and then with the arrangements about the chancel itself. The reader's desk was on the right, and the pulpit on the left, leaving a wide space between them, which was partly occupied by a large table covered with black, and bearing only two lighted candles. Above and just behind the table was a cross painted on the wall, with the letters I. H. S. beneath it. These arrangements reminded me at once of many of the Romish churches and chapels I had seen in the South of Europe; and some things about them I could see no use for, except one grand effort to his deliverance.

In conclusion, he went on to paint the glories of a new General Council of the Catholic Church, which might correct abuses, give new interpretations to Scripture, and perhaps new forms to worship. Then, he thought, a great champion would go forth conquering and to conquer, according to what chapter of the Apocalypse he did not say.—N. Y. Obs.

it does not extend to the deliverance of souls from punishment.

The sign of the cross, he said, has been regarded with reverence from the earliest times by all "Catholics," and many have gone to the stake rather than renounce it.

He recommended to all to pray ardently for the restoration of the unity of the Church, and thought the millennium could not commence until it is effected.

On the part of the Romanists, as I understood him, the main point to be conceded seemed to be, the title of universal bishop. If he would but leave England and the Greeks from his diocese, Mr. J. appeared to think the "Catholic Church" would not seriously object to anything else.

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The Boston Recorder gives a summary of the Revivals noticed in that paper during the last year, and adds the following excellent remarks.

"When we sat down to examine these reports, we were oppressed with the expectation of finding evidence of widespread spiritual desolation. But we were agreeably surprised to find that, during the first part of the year, there was abundant evidence that the Lord had not forsaken his American Zion. The fact that 174 towns have been visited with the special outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and that in these Revivals, 5,387 souls have been converted, affords matter of rejoicing and of gratitude.

We should be in danger of grieving the Holy Spirit, if we should not esteem and acknowledge it as a great blessing. Viewed by itself, it is a blessing so great that no man could compute its value in an age. Yet, when viewed in comparison with the number of ministers and churches in our land, and the number of inhabitants yet out of Christ, it should fill us with the deepest humiliation, and rouse up every faculty of our souls, to inquire what is to become of this vast population that are now moving onward, with the rapidity of time, to eternal death?

The distinction between Catholic and Protestant, an examination of the charge made against Catholics of symbolizing with the Romanists," was the subject of Mr. Johnson's discourse.

He began, as he had heretofore done in his lecture against Protestant missions, by stating that the whole of the Catholic Church of Christ is now divided into three parts: the Church of England, that of Rome, and that of the Greeks. By Protestant is understood that small number of sectaries who form different bodies in Germany, England, Denmark and these United States. The Church of England, he declared, is not Protestant, and has never claimed to be so. The sin of schism, he stated, is not chargeable on the Church of England; for although she submitted for a time to the extravagant claims of Rome, she derived her existence from early times, and never professed to do any thing more than to renounce the abuses in doctrine and practice into which the Romish branch of the Church has fallen.

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No tears bedew the cheek,

For God has wiped them all away;

And all their wants are well supplied,

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and convicted sinners, that they 'are often brought to a point in their existence, when, by the most trivial circumstance—a mere breath, of influence one way or the other—their condition is settled for eternity.' Among the illustrations, which he has drawn from facts, he relates the following.

The younger Lord Littleton was in early life the subject of deep religious impressions, under the influence of which as he informs us, he retired at a particular time to his chamber to pray with the intention of committing his soul to God. As he was on the point of kneeling to engage in prayer, he concluded to turn aside and close his window shutters. At the window he saw a band of musicians parading through the streets. The splendor of their appearance caught his eye; their aspiring notes ravished his ear; he rushed from his apartment to the street, joined in the crowd, banished his seriousness, and felt the stirrings of the Spirit no more.'

We cannot doubt that there are thousands in our land, and many who will take up this paper and read this article, with whom the present is that critical moment, fraught with eternal life or death to the soul. In regard to others, it has just passed, but with results as different and wide from each other as heaven and hell. Some have seized the golden moment, and thrown themselves, as helpless sinners, into the arms of divine mercy, and obtained pardon of sin, and have a glorious happy eternity in prospect. Others, by a tremendous violence to the dictates of their own conscience, have formed a contrary purpose, turned away from God, and peace will never visit their souls. The apathy which attends a seared conscience may blind them in part, from a distinct perception of their ultimate doom; but there will be intervals—and they will be more frequent and distressing as that doom draws near—when they will be tormented with that fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which will devour the adversaries of God.—*London Revivalist.*

### A Joyful Surprise.

On the morning of the first day of the late election an interesting sight might have been witnessed in a low dilapidated dwelling some where in this goodly city. At the place and time mentioned there might have been seen, sitting at a scantly furnished breakfast table, a man with good phenotypical developments, a prepossessing physical structure, but with a countenance moody and irritable. On his right hand sat a woman, his wife, little if any past the meridian of life, but exhibiting traces of a premature fading of a face and figure still mildly beautiful. At his left sat his daughter,—a yet unblighted copy of her patient but sorrow stricken mother—in all the healthfulness of incipient womanhood. In this young woman's eye tears were gathering, and as she turned her timid face towards her moody father they might have been seen glistening like the pearly drops of a summer morning, as the first beams of the sun glances on their crystal surface. Her heart was full, and her voice tremulous, as she at length gained courage sufficiently to ejaculate, "Father!" The moody man started as though the sounds of long forgotten melody echoed in his ears. He bent his gaze inquiringly on his trembling child and in accents unusually soft for him, said, "Well, Bell, what would you?" "Bell" felt emboldened, and dressing her face in a sweet, pleading smile, replied, "I would, father, that you would not go to the election to-day." The frown reappeared—it was stern and bitter, as he asked sharply, "Why not?" Bell could not answer. She seemed anxious to escape the angry gaze of a father whom but a moment before she hoped to conciliate. She was about to withdraw, when a voice of startling fierceness said to her, "Girl, look on your father! You, but a child, pressure to counsel him as to what he should do, and in this you doubtless act as the agent of your mother. I could have borne to have been called a drunkard,—av, a drunkard!"—and a shiver passed over him,—"but" continued he, "to have it insinuated by a child is too much. I shall go to the election, so, bring me my hat." No word of remonstrance was heard, and the miserable man rushed from his dwelling. That day bitter tears were shed round the hearthstone of Powell P.—. Noon came, but so did not the father of the grief stricken Isabel. Night too with its darksome loneliness, drew its curtains round, but no signs of the return of the infatuated—the fallen father and husband. Tediously wore the hours of night away. Often did the mother and daughter instinctively cling to each other as some casual noise induced the belief that the object of their solicitude had indeed come; but how did they dread to encounter the frowns—mayhap the inebriated curses, of him, who was the cause of their vigil! At length the hour of midnight sounded, and as its echoes died away, the footstep of the expected one were heard. How wildly did the heart of mother and daughter beat as Powell P. entered the door so long and eagerly watched! He was there, before them, but not noisy—not harsh—for he was sober, calm, and collected. So great was the joy of the wife and daughter, that neither could give utterance to the wild emotions that played around their hearts; but they would not have spoken then, for words, lest the echo of a voice should have dispelled what seemed a pleasing illusion.

"Isabel! Isabel!" were the first words that greeted their ears, and in a moment both were crying for joy on his bosom.

We need not detail the affecting conversation which followed, nor the joyful surprise with which the mother and daughter heard his resolves and hopes. It will be sufficiently understood from a single expression of Powell P. as his daughter was about to retire to rest. They were the sweetest words her ears had heard for many a long, long day. They were "good night, my child, and may God ever bless you—you have saved your father."

The father had been to the election—he went predetermined to drink—to get drunk—but as he was about to raise the first dram to his mouth, the pleading countenance of his daughter seemed to rise before him. His good genius prevailed—the glass was replaced untasted on the counter—he left the place, and with a high moral purpose hastened to enrol himself among the advocates of temperance. The pledge has been religiously kept—the visage of his mild and amiable wife is fast losing its careworn expression—"Bell" has become the joyous, hoping being she was designed to be, while Powell P. is fast regaining all his former vigor and nobleness. Often do these contented beings talk over past scenes, while the amiable "Mabel" fails not to designate the night of which we have spoken as that of "The joyful surprise"—*Rochester Daily Advertiser.*

### How to make a Minister a good one.

1. Pray for him; that his heart and mind may be enriched by God; an important rule.

2. Pay him well; so that his mind may be on his appropriate work.

3. Fill up his library with useful books; so that he may have an inexhaustible fountain, from which to draw supplies for your edification.

4. Be sure to give him all his mornings, until 12 o'clock, for study. You should not steal the provender from the manger of your horse, and then fret because of his leanness.

5. Never speak of his faults to any man. One word gone out of your mouth, is as bad as twenty kept in. Do you not know that when you have spoken a word against him, you feel compelled, right or wrong, to substantiate it? His faults, like snow balls, increase by being rolled about.

6. Always speak well of him; for there is no one but of whom you can say some good. The good you say of him, will lead others to think and speak well of him too. Remember the man who flung away the pearl, because he did not know its worth.

7. Always say some kind and encouraging word to him, when you meet him. Do you not suppose your minister is a man, has a heart, and can be incited to exertion for you by the kind words you address him?

8. Visit him frequently with some little present in your hand. This will make him love you. And his affection for you, it is important you should cultivate. Make your minister love you.

9. Never meddle with his labors, but leave him to preach what he pleases, and pursue such measures and plans as he thinks wise. Quarrels here spoil many ministers.

10. Go to him for advice in relation to your measures and plans for doing good; and then see to it that you follow his advice. It is more of the mule than the man, not to be advised.

11. Be in your place every Sabbath, and at every religious meeting. Then, and only then, can you appreciate what he does.

12. Fasten up a copy of these rules where you can read them easily; then read them at least once a week, and if especially a sinner against them, read them every day, as you go to your closet. Perhaps you had better put up a copy on the meeting-house door; perhaps on your pew door. It might be advantageous to give away a copy now and then.

Observe these rules, gentle reader, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred you will have a good minister. Observe them, and though by nature he is far from what you want him to be, it will make him a good one. Violate them, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred you will have a poor minister indeed. Violate them, and though in fact you have a first rate man, it will, to a certainty, make him to you a poor minister.

### ONE WHO KNOWS.

Boys! Go to School!

The holidays are over; the Christmas vacation is at an end, and you have played enough to serve you till next August. Then, go to school, and endeavor cultivate your minds by making them happy, so far as your prayers and influence can extend, is the chief and constant aim. To you, then, a family newspaper is a matter of great importance. But what its characteristics must be, to benefit and gratify you, we can easily imagine.

In the first place, it must be truly a religious paper. "Christian" must not only be an appellation to its name, but a true index of its character. The combined tendency of its pages must be, to elevate the piety and promote the spirituality—as well as to inform the understanding, and enlarge the views of its readers. It must be a paper from the perusal of which no one can rise, without a deeper conviction of the truth and power of the religion of Jesus Christ; and (if he be a Christian) a stronger desire to possess its spirit, and to extend its influence. Another of its prominent characteristics must be, that it accords with the spirit of the times. In its liberal and philanthropic views, it must keep up with the age. Instead of waiting till public opinion is formed on every important subject, it must step forward and help to form it. You do not wish a "conservative" paper. You do not wish a paper, that is afraid to speak the truth lest it should incur a frown of dignity, on a

loss of patronage. To suit you, it must neither quibble nor conceal. Whatever affects the great interests of society—whatever agitates the public mind—whatever tells for or against the progress of liberty and the march of truth, you wish to know. And especially the action of churches and ecclesiastical bodies with reference to the various moral and religious enterprises of the age, it is all important that your paper should inform you. Again, your paper must be *philanthropic*. It must have a "large heart." You wish to know what the claims of humanity are; you wish to feel them; and so far as God gives you the ability, to answer them. You prefer that your sympathies for the oppressed should often exerted. And whatever your paper can do, to aid their cause, you are gratified to see done. You are the friends of every enterprise which seeks to meliorate the condition, improve the character, and save the souls of your fellow-beings—of whatever complexion, and whatever clime. You want a paper that is so too.

What an instrument is it for good or evil! The time has now come in which the Newspaper is as much an indispensable to the convenience and comfort of a family, as an almanac or a clock. Among all the hills and valleys of New England, how seldom will you find a home, provided with the ordinary necessities of life, and occupied by honest, sober-minded people, into which the weekly paper does not come, with its long columns of reading matter, and regular supply of current news. And how warmly is it welcomed! and how eagerly read! First, the father takes it—and having with unworded dexterity transferred his spectacles to their official seat, unfolds the treasure, and feasts upon its contents, perhaps an hour. Then a daughter takes it, reads the poetry and stories, laughing or weeping as occasion requires—and then, she passes it to her almost impatient brother. So it goes through the whole family. Sometimes one reads aloud, while the others sit round and hear. It is all read once over, and much of it twice. The common weekly newspaper is an attractive volume, of the largest size, put into the hands of as many families, as the paper has subscribers, every successive week. And what does that volume cost? A fraction over four cents. Cheap almost as the atmosphere of heaven. We cannot wonder at the great amount of newspaper circulation, when a thing so valuable, so useful and attractive, is exchanged for such a trifle. The wonder is that the man can be found anywhere, with means sufficient to feed and clothe his family, who will say he cannot afford to take a paper.

But it is the influence of the family newspaper, of which we would now speak. Says Melville, one of the most profound and original thinkers of England, "It is not possible that our periodicals should be carrying to the workshop of the artisan, and the cottage of the laborer an actual library of varied intelligence, without producing a universal out-stretch of mind—whether for good or whether for evil?" How obvious the truth of this assertion. "If," says one, "an author of olden times, Herodotus, for instance, who published his history by reading it aloud at the Olympic games, could be permitted to revisit the earth and see the operations of a single press, and told that it would in a few days penetrate to the most sequestered retreats in the land—that its contents would be read to a million of people within a single week, would he not exclaim—What a means of communicating the precepts of Divine philosophy—the great truths of history—everything that man should know! What a blessed privilege your writers and teachers enjoy." But more than this. These newspapers are biasing the opinions, and forming the characters of thousands and tens of thousands. They are planting in the breast of the young the seeds of truth, or of error, the principles of virtue or vice. While they enlighten, they persuade. While they instruct, they form. They give to the mind its preferences, tendencies, impressions. They write lines, every week, as with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond, on the deafness soul. We will it is the chief place in the soul. And it is reasonable that we should.

But does this principle govern us with reference to the claims of religion and eternity? Is not the subject of the soul's eternal well-being, one of great—yes, inconceivable magnitude in itself, and has not every man the most important interests in it at stake? Most assuredly; and yet, in how many instances, no regard whatever is paid to it—it is allowed no place in the thoughts; the merest trifles are permitted completely to supersede it.

"This is the bud of being, the dim dawn, The twilight of our day, the vestibule." "Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts; Here pinions all his wishes; though winged by Heaven

To fly at infinite;"

This world is but a speck beside the other; its riches, heaps of dust; its honors, children's toys; its troubles, useless dreams; and yet it has no exclusive attention. In a few years, and it may be before to-morrow's dawn, we are in heaven or hell. The bare possibility that the last may be our condition, ought to create the most intense solicitude; and if there be anything in the declarations of the Bible or our own characters, which renders such a fate probable, just in proportion to that probability ought our concern to be increased.

"But I do not know that there is a heaven and hell," says one. Then greater still is your folly. That a man should leave such a momentous question undecided—should go on from day to another, amid all the exposures to death, contented with not knowing, or being persuaded in his own mind, whether or not his soul is immortal and bound to heaven or hell, and this too, when thousands around him unite in asserting it, and declare they have the most convincing proofs of it—is certainly one of the strangest inconsistencies imaginable. Whether the doctrines of "Orthodoxy" are true, or not—a neglect of the subject of religion admits of no possible excuse. Such folly with regard to the things of this world would procure to a man the charge of madness or idiocy. And this is one way in which the sinner's own principles will condemn him in the last great day.

Rev. Mr. B. writes:

Loss of patronage. To suit you, it must neither quibble nor conceal. Whatever affects the great interests of society—whatever agitates the public mind—whatever tells for or against the progress of liberty and the march of truth, you wish to know. And especially the action of churches and ecclesiastical bodies with reference to the various moral and religious enterprises of the age, it is all important that your paper should inform you. Again, your paper must be *philanthropic*. It must have a "large heart." You wish to know what the claims of humanity are; you wish to feel them; and so far as God gives you the ability, to answer them. You prefer that your sympathies for the oppressed should often exerted. And whatever your paper can do, to aid their cause, you are gratified to see done. You are the friends of every enterprise which seeks to meliorate the condition, improve the character, and save the souls of your fellow-beings—of whatever complexion, and whatever clime. You want a paper that is so too.

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But does this principle govern us with reference to the claims of religion and eternity?

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This world is but a speck beside the other; its riches, heaps of dust; its honors, children's toys; its troubles, useless dreams; and yet it has no exclusive attention. In a few years, and it may be before to-morrow's dawn, we are in heaven or hell. The bare possibility that the last may be our condition, ought to create the most intense solicitude; and if there be anything in the declarations of the Bible or our own characters, which renders such a fate probable, just in proportion to that probability ought our concern to be increased.

"But I do not know that there is a heaven and hell," says one. Then greater still is your folly. That a man should leave such a momentous question undecided—should go on from day to another, amid all the exposures to death, contented with not knowing, or being persuaded in his own mind, whether or not his soul is immortal and bound to heaven or hell, and this too, when thousands around him unite in asserting it, and declare they have the most convincing proofs of it—is certainly one of the strangest inconsistencies imaginable. Whether the doctrines of "Orthodoxy" are true, or not—a neglect of the subject of religion admits of no possible excuse. Such folly with regard to the things of this world would procure to a man the charge of madness or idiocy. And this is one way in which the sinner's own principles will condemn him in the last great day.

Rev. Mr. B. writes:

Loss of patronage. To suit you, it must neither quibble nor conceal. Whatever affects the great interests of society—whatever agitates the public mind—whatever tells for or against the progress of liberty and the march of truth, you wish to know. And especially the action of churches and ecclesiastical bodies with reference to the various moral and religious enterprises of the age, it is all important that your paper should inform you. Again, your paper must be *philanthropic*. It must have a "large heart." You wish to know what the claims of humanity are; you wish to feel them; and so far as God gives you the ability, to answer them. You prefer that your sympathies for the oppressed should often exerted. And whatever your paper can do, to aid their cause, you are gratified to see done. You are the friends of every enterprise which seeks to meliorate the condition, improve the character, and save the souls of your fellow-beings—of whatever complexion, and whatever clime. You want a paper that is so too.

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and convicted sinners, that they are often brought to a point in their existence, when, by the most trivial circumstance—a mere breath, of influence one way or the other—their condition is settled for eternity." Among the illustrations, which he has drawn from facts, he relates the following.

The younger Lord Littleton was in early life the subject of deep religious impressions, under the influence of which as he informs us, he retired at a particular time to his chamber to pray with the intention of committing his soul to God. As he was on the point of kneeling to engage in prayer, he concluded to turn aside and close his window shutters. At the window he saw a band of musicians parading through the streets. The splendor of their appearance caught his eye; their aspiring notes ravished his ear; he rushed from his apartment to the street, joined in the crowd, banished his seriousness, and felt the stirrings of the Spirit no more.

We cannot doubt that there are thousands in our land, and many who will take up this paper and read this article, with whom the present is that critical moment, fraught with eternal life or death to the soul. In regard to others, it has just passed, but with results as different and wide from each other as heaven and hell. Some have seized the golden moment, and thrown themselves, as helpless sinners, into the arms of divine mercy, and obtained pardon of sin, and have a glorious happy eternity in prospect. Others, by a tremendous violence to the dictates of their own conscience, have formed a contrary purpose, turned away from God, and peace will never visit their souls. The apathy which attends a seared conscience may blind them in part, from a distinct perception of their ultimate doom; but they will be intervals—and they will be more frequent and distressing as that doom draws near—when they will be tormented with that fearful looking for judgment and fiery indignation, which will devour the adversaries of God.—*London Revivalist.*

### A Joyful Surprise.

On the morning of the first day of the late election an interesting sight might have been witnessed in a low dilapidated dwelling some where in this godly city. At the place and time mentioned there might have been seen, sitting at a scantily furnished breakfast table, a man with good phonological developments, a prepossessing physical structure, but with a countenance moody and irritable. On his right hand sat a woman, his wife, lithe if any past the meridian of life, but exhibiting traces of a premature fading of a face and figure still mildly beautiful. At his left sat his daughter, a yet unblighted copy of her patient but sorrow stricken mother—in all the healthfulness of incipient womanhood. In this young woman's eye tears were gathering, and as she turned her timid face towards her moody father they might have been seen glistening like the pearls drops of a summer morning, as the first beams of the sun glances on their crystal surface. Her heart was full, and her voice tremulous, as she at length gained courage sufficiently to ejaculate, "Father!" The moody man started as though the sounds of long forgotten melody echoed in his ears. He bent his gaze inquiringly on his trembling child and in accents unusually soft for him, said, "Well, Bell, what would you?" "Bell" felt emboldened, and dressing her face in a sweet, pleading smile, replied, "I would, father, that you would not go to the election to-day." The frown reappeared—it was stern and bitter, as he asked sharply, "Why not?" Bell could not answer. She seemed anxious to escape the angry gaze of a father whom but a moment before she hoped to conciliate. She was about to withdraw, when a voice of startling fierceness said to her, "Girl, look on your father! You, but a child, presume to counsel him as to what he should do, and in this you doubtless act as the agent of your mother. I could have borne to have been called a drunkard,—av, a drunkard!"—and a shiver passed over him,—"but" continued he, "to make him a good one: Violate them, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred you will have poor minister indeed. Violate them, and though in fact you have a first rate man, it will, to a certainty, make him to a poor minister.

ONE WHO KNOWS.  
**Boys! Go to School!**

We need not detail the affecting conversation which followed, nor the joyful surprise with which the mother and daughter heard his resolves and hopes. It will be sufficiently understood from a single expression of Powell P. as his daughter was about to retire to rest. They were the sweetest words her ears had heard for many a long, long day. They were "good night, my child, and may God ever bless you—you have saved your father."

The father had been to the election—he went predetermined to drink—to get drunk—but as he was about to raise the first dram to his mouth, the pleading countenance of his daughter seemed to rise before him. His good genius prevailed—the glass was replaced untasted on the counter—he left the place, and with a high moral purpose hastened to enrol himself among the advocates of temperance. The pledge has been religiously kept—the visage of his mild and amiable wife is fast losing its careworn expression—"Bell" has become the joyous, hoping being she was designed to be, while Powell P. is fast regaining all his former vigor and nobleness. Often do these contented beings talk over past scenes, while the amiable "Mabel" fails not to designate the night of which we have spoken as that of "The joyful surprise."—*Rochester Daily Advertiser.*

### How to make a Minister a good one.

1. Pray for him; that his heart and mind may be ennobled by God; an important rule.

2. Pay him well; so that his mind may be filled with useful books; so that he may have an inexhaustible fountain, from which to draw supplies for your edification.

3. Fill up his library with useful books; so that he may have an inexhaustible fountain, from which to draw supplies for your edification.

4. Sure to give him all his mornings, until 12 o'clock, for study. You should not steal the provender from the manger of your horse, and then fret because of his leanness.

5. Never speak of his faults to any man. One word gone out of your mouth, is as bad as twenty kept in. Do you not know that when you have spoken word against him, you feel compelled, right or wrong, to substantiate it? His faults, like snow balls, increase by being rolled about.

6. Always speak well of him; for there is no one but of whom you can say some good. The good you say of him, will lead others to think and speak well of him too. Remember the man who flung away the pearl, because he did not know its worth.

7. Always say some kind and encouraging word to him, when you meet him. Do you not suppose your minister is a man, has a heart, and was not moved to exertion for you by the kind words you address him?

8. Visit him frequently with some little present in your hand. This will make him love you. And his affection for you, it is important you should cultivate. Make your minister love you.

9. Never meddle with his labors, but leave him to preach what he pleases, and pursue such measures and plans as you think wise. Quarrels here spoil many ministers.

10. Go to him for advice in relation to your measures and plans for doing good; and then see to it that you follow his advice. It is more of the mule than the man, not to be advised.

11. Be in your place every Sabbath and at every religious meeting. Then, and only then, can you appreciate what he does.

12. Fasten up a copy of these rules where you can read them easily; then read them at least once a week, and if especially a sinner against them, read them every day, as you go to your closet. Perhaps you had better put up a copy on the meeting-house door; perhaps on your pew door. It might be advantageous to have away a copy now and then.

Observe these rules, gentle reader, and in ninety-nine cases out of an hundred you will have a good minister. Observe them, and though by nature he is far from what you want him to be, it will make him a good one: Violate them, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred you will have poor minister indeed.

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ONE WHO KNOWS.

The holidays are over; the Christmas vacation is at an end, and you have played enough to serve till next August. Then, go to school, and endeavor to cultivate your minds by making the best use you can of such opportunities as are open to you. There are the public schools—they opened yesterday; and the private, they are numerous, and their teachers will be glad to receive you, very glad; they are not only glad to receive pupils, but very assiduous for the maintenance of their credit as teachers, exceedingly attentive to their duties, and anxious for the improvement of their pupils. But this is a matter rather for the consideration of your parents than yourselves; but notwithstanding this, it might be well enough for you to think of it now. At any rate, you had better run right home and ask your mothers to rig you in your cleanest trim, pick up your books, and "put right out" for school somewhere or other, as quick as possible.

You are little boys now, you will be men in a few years more; and the more you learn now, the better it will be for you hereafter; so now—boys! go to school.

**Girls! you hear what we have been saying to the boys—do you? "Yes," you say. Then heed it, will you? It applies to you as well as to them, so you will go to school too—will you not?—*Beth. Sun.***

### CHRISTIAN REFLECTOR.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1842.

#### The Family Newspaper.

What an instrument is it for good or evil! The time has now come in which the newspaper is as much an indispensable to the convenience and comfort of a family, as an almanac or a clock. Among all the hills and valleys of New England, how seldom will you find a house, provided with the ordinary necessities of life, and occupied by honest, sober-minded people, in which the weekly paper does not come, with its long columns of reading matter, and regular supply of current news. And how warmly is it welcomed! and how eagerly read! First, the father takes it—and having with unswon dexterity transferred his spectacles to their official seat, unfolds the treasure, and feasts upon its contents, perhaps an hour. Then a daughter takes it, reads the poetry and stories, laughing or weeping as occasion requires—and then, she passes it to her almost impatient brother. So it goes through the whole family. Sometimes one reads aloud, while the others sit round and hear. It is all read over, and much of it twice. The common weekly newspaper is an attractive volume, of the largest size, put into the hands of as many families, as the paper has subscribers, every successive week. And what does that volume cost? A fraction over four cents. Cheap almost as the atmosphere of heaven. We cannot wonder at the great amount of newspaper circulation, when so much value, so useful and attractive, is exchanged for such a trifle. The wonder is that the man can be found anywhere, with means sufficient to feed and clothe his family, who will say he cannot afford to take a paper.

But it is the influence of the family newspaper, of which we would now speak. Says Melville, one of the most profound and original thinkers of England, "It is not possible that our periodicals should be carrying to the workshop of the artisan, and the cottage of the laborer an actual library of varied intelligence, without producing a universal out-stretch of mind—whether for good or whether for evil." How obvious the truth of this assertion. "If," says one, "an author of olden times, Herodotus, for instance, who published his history by reading it aloud at the Olympic games, could be permitted to revisit the earth and see the operations of a single press, and be told that it would in a few days penetrate to the most sequestered retreats in the land—that its contents would be read to a million of people within a single week, would he not exclaim—What a means of communicating the precepts of Divine philosophy—the great truths of history—everything that man should know! What a blessed privilege your writers and teachers enjoy." But more than this.

These newspapers are biasing the opinions, and forming the characters of thousands and tens of thousands. These are planting in the breasts of the young the seeds of truth, or of error, the principles of virtue or vice. While they enlighten, they persuade. While they instruct, they form. They give to the mind its preferences, tendencies, impressions. They write lines, every week, as with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond, on the deathless soul.

What immense importance there is attached to a family newspaper. What a responsible situation is that of an Editor. Who may not connive at sin with more impunity than he? Who not cherish an error, with more safety? He, of all men, should be truly the subject of the soul's eternal well-being, one of great—yes, inconceivable magnitude in itself, and has not every man the most important interests in it at stake? Most assuredly; and yet, in how many instances, no regard whatever is paid to it—it is allowed no place in the thoughts; the merest trifles are permitted completely to supersede it.

But does this principle govern us with reference to the claims of religion and eternity? Is not the subject of the soul's eternal well-being, one of great—yes, inconceivable magnitude in itself, and has not every man the most important interests in it at stake? Most assuredly; and yet, in how many instances, no regard whatever is paid to it—it is allowed no place in the thoughts; the merest trifles are permitted completely to supersede it.

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Now this is a question we are going to try to answer. We will leave the editorial chair a few moments, and enter some one of the three thousand intelligent and happy families into which this article may find its way. We make ourselves acquainted. We find that the elder children, with the parents, profess piety. We find that you are all Baptists. We find that you are great friends to the Missionary cause; deeply interested for the Abolition of Slavery; all members of the Temperance Society, and all connected with the Sabbath School. We perceive that you constitute one of those delightful family circles, where, to make each other happy, and all your fellow beings happy, so far as your prayers and influence can extend, is the chief and constant aim. To you, then, a family newspaper is a matter of great importance. But what its characteristics must be, to benefit and gratify you, we can easily imagine.

In the first place, it must be truly a religious paper. "Christian" must not only be an appellation to its name, but a true index of its character. The combined tendency of its pages must be, to elevate the piet and promote the spirituality—as well as to inform the understanding, and enlarge the views of its readers. It must be a paper from the pens of which no one can rise, without a deeper conviction of the truth and power of the religion of Jesus Christ; and (if he be a Christian) a stronger desire to possess its spirit, and to extend its influence. Another of its prominent characteristics must be, that it accords with the spirit of the times. In its liberal and philanthropic views, it must keep up with the age. Instead of waiting till public opinion is formed on every important subject, it must step forward and help to form it. You do not wish a paper, that is afraid to speak the truth lest it should incur a frown of dignity, on a

loss of patronage. To suit you, it must neither quibble nor conceal. Whatever affects the great interests of society—whatever agitates the public mind—whatever tells for or against the progress of liberty and the march of truth, you wish to know. And especially the action of churches and ecclesiastical bodies with reference to the various moral and religious enterprises of the age, it is all important that your paper should inform you. Again, your paper must be *philanthropic*. It must have a "large heart." You wish to know what the claims of humanity are; you wish to feel them; and so far as God gives you the ability, to answer them. You prefer that your sympathies for the oppressed should be often exerted. And whatever your paper can do, to aid your cause, you are gratified to see done. You are the friends of every enterprise which seeks to meliorate the condition, improve the character, and save the souls of your fellow beings—of whatever complexion, and whatever clime. You want a paper that is so too.

You would prefer too, that the distinctive principles of your denomination, the independence of the churches, and the doctrine of faith as they were originally delivered, should be appropriately recognized. You would like, moreover, that the paper should possess an interesting variety; that it should recognize the family relation—giving instructive hints, and pleasing narratives; and that it should afford you a summary of the most important secular news of the day. Last, but not least, you would wish it to be well printed, with a fair and neat impression, on a large and handsome sheet.

Now tell us, is it not such a paper that you have for a long time been seeking?

We only add, that such a paper we intend to make the "Christian Reflector." It originated in a demand from the churches, for a medium through which they might communicate, to each other, their views and acts, with reference to one of the most momentous questions of this eventful age. It shall remain such a medium. It shall never forget its origin, nor its end. It has launched on an open sea; and therefore fears no Charybdis or the one hand, or Scylla on the other. With "Truth and love" inscribed on its banner, and with weapons of warfare not carnal but spiritual, it will defend its principles, and make its conquests.

Yours truly,

T. C. JAMESON.

LISBON, N. H.—A correspondent of the Morning Star, in giving account of a revival at Lisbon, says:

One hundred and twenty-two have been received by the church since I came here, and the number of baptisms in seven Sabbaths in succession, one hundred and one in the whole. Nine more have related their experience for baptism, and will probably be increased to nearly twenty. The work is still extending. Meetings are held every evening. Can get but little time to rest, and sometimes think that I shall be cut out, and lay my bones in the church of Lisbon. At the last monthly meeting, one hundred and nine were present. Seven testimonies were given for God; and being Thanksgiving-day many witnessed that they had never enjoyed so truly a Thanksgiving to God; and others that they had attended monthly meetings for twenty and thirty years, but had never seen so good a result. All the converts were baptized with the water of regeneration, and the baptismal service was performed by our beloved Bro. Knapp, whose labors have been so signalized to us in the conversion of the churches and in the conversion of souls. Among them is but one feeling of unmixed confidence and affection. He has borne away with him our strongest and tenderest sympathies, and we shall ever delight to cherish emotions of devout gratitude to God for having in his Providence directed his steps to us.

Within the last ten weeks I have baptized one hundred and twelve happy converts; and there are scores more among us who are now rejoicing in hope, and are soon expected to follow Christ into the baptismal waters.

I should do violence to my conscience should I close this brief account without alluding more directly to our beloved Bro. Knapp, whose labors have been so signalized to us in the conversion of the churches and in the conversion of souls. Among them is but one feeling of unmixed confidence and affection. He has borne away with him our strongest and tenderest sympathies, and we shall ever delight to cherish emotions of devout gratitude to God for having in his Providence directed his steps to us.

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OME MISSION  
January 31, 1841. §

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## Poetry.

### A Father's Dream.

There was a lovely little flower,  
I fondly hoped to rear;  
I saw it at the matin hour,  
It was expanding here.  
I looked again—my flower was gone;  
I knew it must be dead;  
And put a robe of sackcloth on,  
Strewed ashes on my head,  
And sat me down, to wail and weep  
That thus my flower had died;  
And in my sorrow fell asleep.—  
There stood one by my side,  
Who told me of my lovely flower,  
And showed me where it grew,  
Beyond the scorching summer's power,  
Where winter never blew;  
And told me He had taken  
To that more genial sphere,  
Because, in truth, it was not fit,  
That it should wither here;  
And said, "It was too sweet a thing  
To bloom on earth for me,  
For waters from a pu'er spring,  
Around its root must be;  
And dew, which always fall in heaven,  
Buts never here below,  
Must wash its leaves both morn and even,  
Or it would never grow;  
And it must have a tender care,  
And true love than thine;"  
He pointed unto heaven, "And there,"  
He said, "a hand Divine  
Shall tend, and train thy flower for thee,  
Till it is fully grown;  
Then, come to heaven! and it shall be  
Eternally thine own!"  
And then he went away. My heart  
Was calm and reconciled;  
But gently yearning to depart  
And join my blessed child;  
And thinking of my pleasant dream,  
In happy sleep I awoke;  
Both joy and grief were in my theme,  
And both were on my tongue.  
It was not quite a gloomy strain,  
Nor quite a merry glee;  
But a sweet mingling of the twain  
In one deep melody.  
I woke in tears—which soon were dry,  
And knelt me down to pray;  
And then I laid my ashes by,  
And flung my weeds away.  
*British Magazine.*

## The Family Relation

### Family Devotion.

In this busy and bustling age, no wonder if secular duties are allowed to crowd out those of a higher order. Indeed, I am myself acquainted with some, "who profess and call themselves Christians," —men of business—who seldom or never attend morning devotions with their families. They think that they have a sufficient excuse in the supposition that their business would mate rially suffer by the delay; as if, were there a will, the family could not be brought together sufficiently early to remove this fancied objection. What means the reluctance—whic so many Christians appear to manifest, to take God at his word? "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you."

The following deeply interesting illustration of the blessedness of family prayer, before entering upon business, will, I hope, be read by many with profit.

"Said a pious tradesman (in England) to a clergyman—"When I first began business for myself—I was determined through grace, to be particularly conscientious with respect to family prayer.

"Accordingly, I persevered for many years in the delightful practice of domestic worship. Morning and evening every member of my family was ordered always to be present; nor would I allow my apprentices to be absent on any account. In a few years, the advantages of these engagements appeared manifestly conspicuous; the blessings of the upper and the nether springs followed me, health and happiness attended my family, and prosperity my business. At length, such was my rapid increase in trade, and the necessity of devoting every possible moment to my customers, that I began to think whether family prayer did not occupy too much of our time in the morning.

Pious scruples arose respecting my intentions of relinquishing this part of my duty; but, at length worldly interests prevailed so far, as to induce me to excuse the attendance of my apprentices, and not long after, it was deemed advisable, for the more eager prosecution of our business, to make the prayer with my wife, when we arose in the morning, suffice for the day. Notwithstanding the repeated checks of conscience that followed this omission, the calls of a flourishing concern, and the prospect of an increasing family, appeared so impious and commanding, that I found an easy excuse for this fatal evil, especially as I did not omit prayer altogether. My conscience was now almost seared with a hot iron, when it pleased the Lord to awaken me by a singular providence.

One day I received a letter from a young man who had formerly been my apprentice, previously to my omitting family prayer. Not doubting but I continued domestic worship, his letter was chiefly on this subject; it was couched in the most affectionate and respectful terms; but judge of my surprise and confusion, when I read these words: 'O, my dear master, never shall I be able sufficiently to thank you for the precious privilege with which you indulged me in your family devotions. O, sir, eternity will be too short to praise my God for what I learnt there. It was there I first beheld my lost and wretched state as a sinner, it was there that I first knew the way of salvation, and there that I first experienced the preciousness of Christ'

in me the hope of glory.' O, sir! permit me to say, never neglect those precious engagements; you have yet a family and more apprentices; may your house be the birth-place of their souls!' I could read no further; every line flashed condemnation in my face. I trembled—I shuddered—I was alarmed at the blood of my children and apprentices, that I apprehended was soon to be demanded at my soul-murdering hands!

Filled with confusion, and bathed in tears, I fled for refuge in secret. I spread the letter before God. I agonized and—but you can better conceive, than I describe my feelings; suffice it to say, that light broke into my disconsolate soul; a sense of blood-bought pardon was obtained. I immediately flew to my family, presented them before the Lord, and from that day to the present, I have been faithful, and am determined, through grace, that whenever business becomes too large to interfere with family prayer, I will give up the superfluous part of my business and retain my devotion; better to lose a few shillings, than to become the deliberate murderer of my family and the instrument of ruin to my soul."—*Christian Witness.*

### The Old Arm Chair.

BY ELIZA COOK.

I love it, I love it; and shall dare To chide me for loving that old arm chair; I have treasured it long as a holy prize, I've bedewed it with tears and embalmed it with sighs;

'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart; Not a tie will break, not a link will start, Would you learn the spell? A mother sat there, And a sacred thing that old arm chair.

In childhood's hour I fingered near The hallowed seat with listening ear; And gentle words that mother would give, To fit me to die and teach me to live. She told me shame would never befitte, With truth for my creed, and God for my guide; She taught me to lip my earliest prayer, As I knelt beside that old arm chair.

I sat and watched her many a day, When her eyes grew dim, and her locks were gray;

And I almost worshipped her when she smiled, And turned from her Bible to bless her child. Years rolled on, but the last one sped— My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled; I learned how much the heart can bear, When I saw her die in that old arm chair.

Mrs. Gilmour speaks highly of the kindness of the Rev. Mr. Wilson, rector of a parish in the neighborhood, and also of the attention paid to her brother by Mr. Lloyd of Dublin. These gentlemen frequently cheered and consoled him, by their presence and conversation, and occasionally brought grapes and such other delicacies as were thought to be most agreeable. Mr. Wilson conversed much with Mr. Pollok on spiritual matters, and seemed to take a deep interest in him. Mr. Pollok, during his illness, as may be supposed, exhibited every symptom of being devout and sincere Christian. He was buried in the parish of Millbrook, Southampton, according to the English ritual. His mother died two years before, aged sixty-six. Of writer so popular, and so justly admired as a poet, it is unnecessary to say more than that he holds an eminent place as a man of genius among the many eminent characters which his native country has produced. But at present it is our duty not so much to applaud his genius as to state a few statistical facts—all that can be expected in a limited report. His brother, the Rev. John Pollok, is now engaged in preparing memoirs of the poet, to be published in two volumes; the first volume to contain a life, and the second letters, posthumous poems, and other writings. Mrs. Gilmour states that "The Course of Time" emanated from the exuberant fancy of her brother in about two years; and also that the poet, about the period of its publication, destroyed all his more crude and early productions.

### Miscellany.

ROBERT POLLOCK,

AUTHOR OF "THE COURSE OF TIME."

(From the New Statistical Account of Scotland.)

The Rev. Robert Pollok, the author of the celebrated poem, "The Course of Time," was a native of this parish, Eaglesham. His father, John Pollok, (aged eighty-two years,) is still alive. His mother was Margaret Dickie, from the parish of Fenwick. Her ancestors had for many generations been proprietors of a property called Horshill, in the above parish. The name of the former proprietors was Gemmill, the last of whom the grandmother of Mr. Pollok, was a female who married a person of the name of Dockie, of which marriage the mother of the bard was a daughter. This family suffered greatly during the persecution, and it was chiefly from the details of these sufferings, collected from the lips of his mother, that Mr. Pollok was led to the composition of that very interesting sketch, "The Persecuted Family." No trace of the period of Mr. Pollok's birth is to be found in the parish records. It appears, however, that he was born in the year 1799, at Muirhouse, a farm of about one hundred acres, scarcely three miles west of the village of Eaglesham, then and still in the possession of his father, John Pollok, a tenant of the Earl of Eglington. He was baptized by Mr. Thompson, Antiburgh minister at Mearns.

Mr. Pollok obtained his early education at Langlee, a school supplied by various teachers, who taught only for a stated period during the summer months, and returned in the winter to college. He was also for some time at a school at Newton-Mearns. At first he seems to have had no idea of pursuing the clerical profession. For some time he assisted his father on the farm, but, finding the laborious duties of an "upland farmer" to be too arduous for his feeble constitution, he resigned the sickle and the plough, and went to reside at Barrehead with David Young, a brother-in-law, for the purpose of learning the carpenter's trade; but, after fabricating with his own hands a few chairs and other trifling articles, he seems also to have sickened at the idea of sacrificing himself to the pursuit of a mere manual employment, and we accordingly find him next residing with his uncle Mr. David Dickie, at Fenwick, where he learned Latin and Greek under Mr. Fairlie, the present parish teacher. Mr. Pollok afterwards studied at the University of Glasgow, where after the usual curriculum, he took his degree of Masters of Arts. He studied Divinity in the same city under Dr. Dick, the Professor of Divinity for the United Secession Church. At this period he seems also to have attended the theological lectures of Professor Macgill in the University. In the spring of 1827, he was admitted by the United Associate Presbytery of Edinburgh, a licentiate of

These poor and ignorant people, for the distance of 2,000 miles (up the Missouri river) had never before seen or heard of a steam-boat, and in some places they seemed at a loss to know what to do, or how to act; they had no name for it—it was like every thing else (with them) which is mysterious and unaccountable, called medicine (mystery). We had on board one twelve-pound cannon and three or four eight-pound swivels, which we were taking up to arm the Fur Company's Fort at the mouth of the Yellow Stone; and the approach to every village they were all discharged several times in rapid succession, and which threw the inhabitants into utter confusion and amazement—some of them threw their faces to the ground, and cried to the great Spirit—some shot their horses and dogs, and sacrificed them to appease the Great Spirit, whom they conceived was offended—some deserted their village, ran to the tops of the bluffs some miles distant: and others, in some places, as the boat landed in front of their villages, came with great caution, and peeped over the bank of the river to see the fate of their chiefs whose duty it was (from the nature of their office) to approach us, whether friends or foes, and to go on board. Sometimes, in this plight, they were instantly thrown neck and heels over each other's heads and shoulders—men, women and children and dogs—sage, sachem old and young—all in a mass, at the frightful discharge of the steam from the escape-pipe which the captain of the boat let loose upon them for his own fun and amusement. There were many curious conjectures among their wise men, with regard to the nature and powers of the steam-boat. Among the Mandans, some called it the big thunder canoe; for, when in the distance below the village they saw the lightning flash from its sides, and heard the thunder come from it; others called it, the big medicine canoe with eyes; it was medicine (mystery) because they could not understand it: and it must have eyes for said they, it sees its own way, and takes the deep water in the middle of the channel. They had no idea of the boat

and hearing, and expressing his fears that British subjects had unwittingly exposed themselves to its penalties, by engaging in the slave-trade, its lordship read extracts from the report of the India law commissioners on the subject of slavery in India. These extracts gave instances of horrid and systematically planned murders for the sake of obtaining children to be sold into slavery. Lord Brougham, after reading the extracts, made an eloquent appeal to the Government to take steps to accelerate the abolition of such atrocities. The following extract, taken from a full report of Lord Brougham's statements, supplies the most valuable of the facts adduced by his lordship in bearing out his position of the enormity of the crime of slave dealing in India: and he read an extract from the report of the commissioners, which strikingly pointed out one of the consequences of slavery, if he comes to the sanctuary with an unprepared mind. The hearing but a small portion of a sermon, and that partially mixed up with a thousand fancies, will prepare the way for some contemptuous feelings or expressions concerning what has been heard. The hearer's worldliness of mind, even if there be no direct opposition to the truth will cause him to undervalue the preaching. It may be precious as the gold of Ophir, but in the dimness of his vision he sees only brass where there is gold. He is an indifferent hearer, and that makes indifferent preaching.

An indifferent, careless state of mind, will most certainly produce such preaching. There is, in that case, no preparation of heart for the reception of the truth. Much of a discourse may be totally lost from the wanderings of that mind to a thousand absent objects. Satan will certainly set such a hearer at work about something besides getting good from the sermon, if he comes to the sanctuary with an unprepared mind. In every section of the country, Terre, Terre, Terre, year, passeth away in advance.

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